SONNETS

TO

EMINENT MEN.

AND

AN ODE

TO THE

EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

LONDON:
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MDCCLXXXIII.

SONNETS.

I.

TO WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

ON HIS BEING A CANDIDATE TO REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN PARLIAMENT, 1780.

IN Learning's field, diverſified and wide,
The narrow, beaten track is all we trace:
How few, like thee, of that unmeaſur'd ſpace
Can boaſt, and juſtly boaſt, no part untried!
Yet reſts not here alone thy honeſt pride,
The pride that prompts thy literary chace;
With unremitting ſtrength and rapid pace
'Tis thine to run, and ſcorn to be denied!
Thy early genius, ſpurning time's controul,
Had reach'd, ere others ſtart, the diſtant goal.
Marking the bright career that thou haſt run,
With due regard thy toils may OXFORD ſee,
And, juſtly proud of her ſuperior ſon,
Repay the honour that ſhe boaſts in Thee.

II.

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY,* ESQ.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS ESSAY ON HISTORY, 1780.

WHETHER thy muſe inſtruct us to diſcern
The laws that guide to fame th' hiſtoric train
Or paint, with rival power, a ſiſter's reign;
Or, fondly ſharing in thy ſoft concern,
Pour o'er departed friendſhip's ſilent urn
The ſoothing ſorrows of her penſive ſtrain—
Alike ſhe pleaſes. With repeated gain,
HAYLEY, thy captivating page I turn!
Not that the luſtre of thy letter'd fame
Alone compels a ſtranger's juſt applauſe:
A heart that glows with freedom's holy flame,
That pants in virtue's, truth's, and nature's cauſe,
Is thine—or never may we hope to find
Ingenuous verſe the mirror of the mind.

TO

* Author of the "Triumphs of Temper, a Poem"; "Eſſay on Hiſtory" &c.

III.

TO MR. WARTON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1776.

WARTON, the wonder of a thankleſs age!
Thine are the varied gifts, the ſkill divine
To ſtrike the ſolemn lyre with Pindar's rage;
Learning and wit, with Lucian, to combine;
Or dig, unwearied in thy toilſome mine,
Antiquity, with wealth time-hidden fraught;
From duſt and droſs the purer ore refine,
And pick with patient care the ſpars of thought.*
Ah ſay, what fair reward confirms thy fame?
Alas! regardleſs of thy evening hour,
Unletter'd envy bars thy titled claim,
And ſuppler virtue wins the ſmile of power!
And yet, when power's proud pageantry is paſt,
And Envy's ſnakes are dead, thy name ſhall laſt!

* Alluding to his "History of English Poetry".

IV.

TO DR. WATSON.

(NOW BISHOP OF LANDAFF.)

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS FAST SERMON, 1780.

THERE are who, plac'd on life's important ſtage,
Waſte in ſcholaſtic war their idle ſtrength,
Or dream dull days away of tedious length,
In learned trifling moſt profoundly ſage!
Accompliſh'd WATSON, wider views engage
Thy active thought, thy comprehenſive mind!
Truth, liberty, and love of human kind,
And mild religion animate thy page.
Philanthropy, that knows no ſelfiſh part,
And more than patriot paſſion warms thy heart.
Of mean and ſervile ſoul, Detraction raves,
Nor brooks the favourite of the good and wiſe;
But, theſe applauding, well may'ſt thou deſpiſe
The reptile race of proſtituted ſlaves.

TO

V.

TO DR. THURLOW,

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

NOT that the mitre's rays thy brows adorn
(The mitre oft has grac'd unworthy brows!
Confirm'd by Hiſtory's indignant ſcorn,
The painful truth the honeſt muſe avows);
Not that to thee are giv'n, deny'd to moſt,
Superior talents, nature's nobleſt prize!
Nor yet that theſe, her ſplendid gifts, can boaſt
The added poliſh learning's toil ſupplies
(Though theſe the baſis of no common fame)
That hence a judging world reveres thy name.
A heart, that heaven approves, how rare to find!
A heart expanding wide to all mankind!
A breaſt that knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife!
Conſiſtent manners, and a blameleſs life!

TO

VI.

TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

ON HIS MOTION FOR ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS, AND EQUAL REPRESENTATION, 1780.

THE ſtream that, wandering from its parent ſource,
Brightens the bloom of many a fragrant flower,
Shall oft, as chance directs its careleſs courſe,
Swell into life the plant of poiſonous power.
Thus flows from honour's fount the flattering tide:
It marks alike the virtuous and the vile!
Ah think not, RICHMOND, though it pamper pride,
Such vain diſtinction wins the muſe's ſmile!
Let boaſtful heralds pompouſly proclaim
Whence flows thy blood, thy honours whence deſcend,
And draw from ducal rank an empty fame!
A loftier title ſhall thy country lend,
And fondly hail Thee by a nobler name—
Her Freedom's Champion, and THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

ODE

O D E

TO THE

EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

O D E

TO THE

EARL OF EFFINGHAM,

ON HIS GOING A VOLUNTEER TO THE RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR.

SEVERELY ſhall the heart repine
That feels its fondeſt wiſh ſuppreſs'd!
And yet, if joy, approaching to divine,
E'er trills to extaſy the human breaſt,
'Tis in the moment when, each trial paſt,
It feels that fondeſt wiſh indulg'd at laſt.

As ſtreams withheld (a ſtagnant maſs)
No longer chear a drooping land,
If once the long oppoſing mound they paſs,
Diffuſing life and beauty, they expand,
And, as around the liquid ſplendor pours,
Refreſh and fertilize the diſtant ſhores.

Such joy is thine: thy ardent ſoul
No longer mourns her ſtifled fire,
But, boldly blazing onward to the goal,
To glory's wreath ſhe prompts Thee to aſpire;
Bids Thee indulge thy generous thirſt of fame,
As ſhoots through every nerve the martial flame.

How ill thy eager ſpirit bore
So long to count inactive days!
Yet, brooking leſs to quench in kindred gore
(Unhallowed office!) Freedom's holy rays,
Of juſt diſdain a firm example gave,
And dar'd divide the ſoldier from the ſlave.

The

Of juſt diſdain, &c.] On the commencement of the American war,

a

The virtuous ſtrife Detraction ſaw,
And, ſeeing, ſigh'd, in ireful mood.
Ye ſlaves! that prowl for her inſatiate maw!
Ye black aſperſers of the brave and good!
Ye hireling ſcribes, of mean and murderous aim!
Ye baſe aſſaſſins of a Sidney's fame!—

Why ſlight ye thus your parent's call?
"On HIM," ſhe cries, "your venom caſt!
"On HIM," ſhe cries, "remorſleſs blood-hounds fall!
"A HOWARD'S virtues were a rich repaſt!"
Abaſh'd and ſilent all—his fame reſounds
From Albion's iſle to Europe's fartheſt bounds.

a war which he rightly judged to be as unjuſt in its principle, as it was foretold it would in its conſequences be ruinous and diſgraceful, his Lordſhip threw up his commiſſion. His letter to the then Secretary at War, on this ſubject, is a maſter-piece in its kind, and may ſerve as a model to ſhew how an Engliſh nobleman, or indeed any man, on a like occaſion, ſhould think and write.

From Albion's iſle, &c.] At an early period of life his Lordſhip ſignalized himſelf as a volunteer on board the Ruſſian fleet, in the memorable

While unemploy'd the warrior-hand,
Thy ſpirit, in that trying hour,
Join'd to the choſen few, the patriot band,
Broke the firm phalanx of inſidious Power;
And, where, with covert guile, ſhe lurking lay,
Flaſh'd on her dark deſigns reſiſtleſs day.

This victory won, a foreign foe
Thy reſtleſs courage now demands:
Fearleſs of toils or death, 'tis thine to go
Where Elliott animates his veteran bands;
And, prodigal of life as fond of fame,
To build on daring deeds a deathleſs name.

In vain would Pleaſure's ſyren ſong
Allure thee from thy fix'd deſign;
In vain the power that rules the abject throng
Shall point where Terror's countleſs forms combine
To chill the warrior's rage: alike thy ſoul
Slights Pleaſure's ſyren ſong, and Fear's controul.

memorable engagement with the Turks, in the Archipelago, July 6, 1770, when the whole (one ſhip excepted that was taken) of the Turkiſh fleet was burned in Ciſme Bay, on the coaſt of Natolia.

With

With pride thy country ſees thee keep
Thy ſteady courſe. The truly brave
Then moſt, when Danger's breath deforms the deep,
Delights to launch on glory's buoyant wave:
He marks, with mind ſerene, the tempeſt riſe,
And courts the ſtorm that lifts him to the ſkies.

FINIS.

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